ROB WILLIAMS WILL CONRAD MARCO LESKO

OUT

"*Out* sees Rob Williams at the top of his game. The idea is a great one, the atmosphere is cold and creepy, there's an ominous sense of the characters stepping unwittingly into a prearranged hell. I'll be with this one all the way."

- Garth Ennis

AWA UPSHOT

AWA UPSHOT

PRESENTS

OUT

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CZECHOSLOVAKIA BORDER. WINTER, 1944.

<THAT... THAT'S IT...>
<...PLEASE...>
<YOU PROMISED.>*
*NB--TRANSLATED FROM THE CZECH.

KOMMANDANT LUDIN!

<AS ORDERED.>*

*NB--TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

<YOU TOLD US LIES.>

BPUK-BPUK-BPUK-!
BPUK-BPUK-BPUK-!
BPUK-BPUK-BPUK-!
BPUK-BPUK-BPUK-!
BPUK-BPUK-BPU-!

RUMMMBBBLEEE

RUMMMBBBLEEE

EXCUSE ME, OLD MAN. BUT I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND ME ASKING? WE'RE ALL JAMMED IN HERE TIGHTER THAN A NUN'S PAJAMAS. SO...

HOW DO *YOU* GET THE EXTRA LEGROOM?

BECAUSE NOBODY WANTS TO SIT NEXT TO A TRAITOR.

THAT'S WHY!

YOU'LL GET SUNBURNT JUST BEING NEAR THAT RED SKIN, RIGHT?

HIS NAME'S NOCONA. I SAW HIM TALKING GERMAN TO THE GUARDS BACK AT STALAG XI! I TELL YA, LIMEYS. WATCH HIM! HE'S A DIRTY SPY!

HEH... HE'S A ***CODE-TALKER.*** COMANCHE, PROBABLY. THEY BROUGHT A TEAM OF 'EM OVER FOR D-DAY TO BREAK THE NAZI SIGNALS. LANGUAGES ARE WHAT THEY DO.

BUT I GUESS YOU'D HAVE TO BE ABLE TO READ TO KNOW THAT, HARRAH. OR HAVE A MOM AND DAD WHO AIN'T COUSINS.

THAT'S FUNNY, BRONSON. YOU'RE A REAL FUNNY GUY. IF WE WASN'T IN THIS TRUCK...

DAMN, THAT...THAT'S SOME DROP...

KUMMMBBBLLEEE

WOAH!

CRUNNNCHH

HEY! WATCH THE DAMN ROAD! WHAT THERE IS OF IT!

HELPA FI, MAE GEN I OFN...

HELPA FI, MAE GEN I OFN!

MAM! MAE ANGEN... ARNA I...

CLICK

SHIT!

MAM! BLE MAE FY MAM?! TAD?

<SIT DOWN!>

<SIT DOWN OR WE SHOOT! DO IT! DO IT NOW!>

MAM! BLE MAE FY MAM?! TAD?

DON'T SHOOT US! FUCK! FUCK!

TAD? RWYF AM I CHI FYND Â MI ADREF!

HE'S SPEAKING *GERMAN*. I TOLD YA! THEY'RE SPIES! THEY GOT SPIES IN WITH US!

HE'S NOT SPEAKING GERMAN.

HE'S *WELSH*. IT'S WELSH. HE'S JUST SCARED.

PLEASE... DON'T HURT HIM.

MAE'N IAWN...

MAE'N IAWN...

OS GWELWCH YN DDA. EISTEDDWCH GYDA MI...?

...YOU SPEAK WELSH...?

A LITTLE.

...MY NAME IS COOK...HYWEL COOK. I'M R.A.C.D. ROYAL ARMY CHAPLAIN'S DEPARTMENT... I'M FROM CARMARTHEN.

I'M NOCONA. I'M FROM OKLAHOMA. IT'S GOOD TO MEET YOU, COOK.

HE'S OK NOW. WE'RE ALL OK.

NOT SURE THAT'S TRUE, CHIEF.

I MEAN, THEY'VE HOOVERED US UP FROM DIFFERENT CAMPS AND ARE TAKING US SOME*WHERE*. CAN'T BE GOOD.

WHAT WAS HE SHOUTING ABOUT ANYWAYS? MAM? MOM? SOMETHING ABOUT HIS MOTHER?

...HE WAS SCARED.

THAT'S ALL...

NEUSSCHZOLLERN CASTLE, BAVARIA.

PRISONER OF WAR CAMP.

YEAH...

I GET THAT.

...SHIT. LOOKIT THIS PLACE...

HALF THE DAMN GERMAN ARMY'S HERE.

GUESS THERE'S NO POINT TRYIN' TO ESCAPE THEN, HUH?

THAT WRITING. ON WHATEVER THAT OBJECT IS ON THE TRUCK IN FRONT...ITS LANGUAGE.

...HUH?

"I DON'T RECOGNIZE IT."

SO WHAT?

I RECOGNIZE A *LOT* OF LANGUAGES, BRONSON.

NEW HOME?

YEAH, COOK.

NEW HOME.

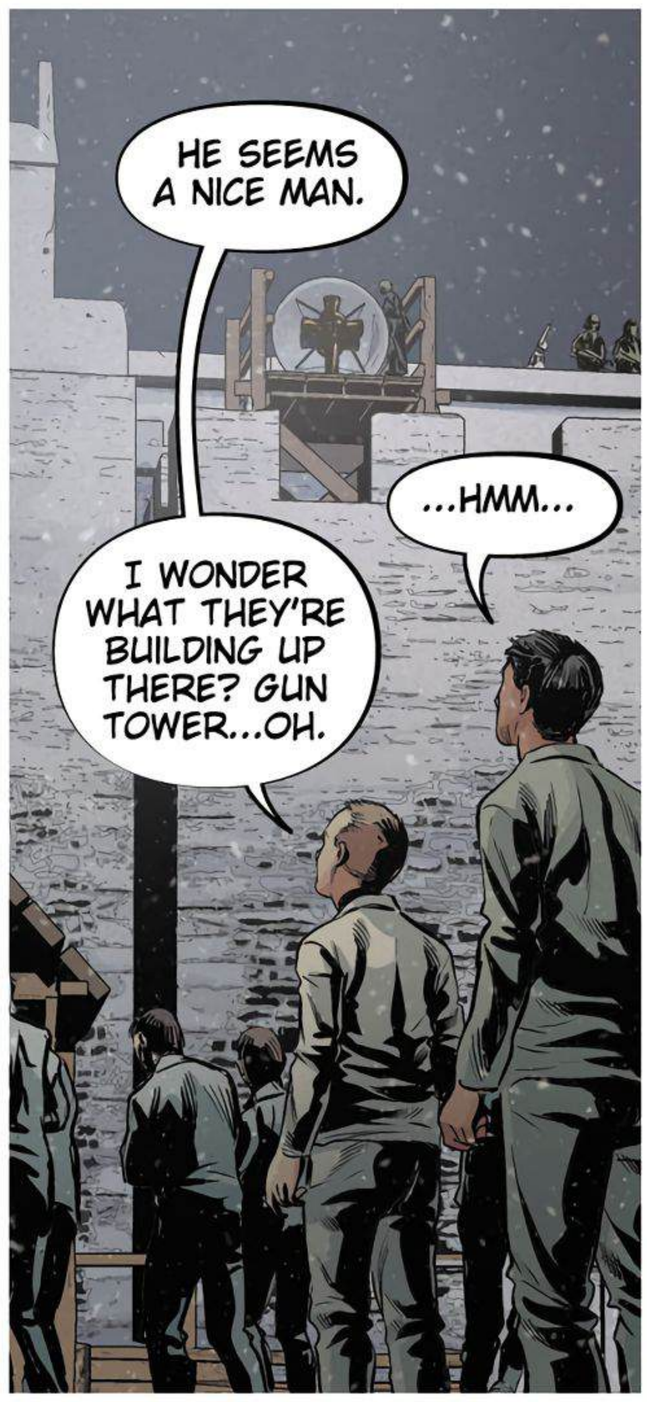
THAT'S RIGHT, BRITISH AND AMERICANS! DEATH IS ABOVE YOU! ALWAYS! NEVER FORGET!

THANKS GUYS. THAT'S A REAL NICE GREETING.

HEY, MAYBE YOU BOYS SHOULD TAKE A LOOK UP ABOVE AT THE WILD BLUE YONDER!

THOSE WHITE TRAILS ARE B-17s. LOTS OF 'EM. HEADING FOR BERLIN AND MUNICH AND WHEREVER...
DEATH'S ABOVE YOU TOO, MY FRIENDS.

<HUH?>
<WHAT IS HE POINTING AT?>


HE SEEMS A NICE MAN.
I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE BUILDING UP THERE? GUN TOWER...OH.
...HMM...

"CROSSES.
"THAT'S ODD."

NEW PRISONERS OF CASTLE NEUSSCHZOLLERN!
ATTENTION!

LINE UP! LINE UP PLEASE! QUICKLY! LINE UP FOR YOUR COMMANDING OFFICER!

ATTEN...TION!

GENTLEMEN!

I AM THE SENIOR ALLIED OFFICER IN THE CAMP. MY NAME IS LT. COLONEL HANCOCK OF 135TH EAST ANGLIAN FIELD REGIMENT, ROYAL ARTILLERY.

MY SECOND-IN-COMMAND, ON MY RIGHT, IS FLIGHT LIEUTENANT IAN MCCALLUM OF THE RAF. TO MY LEFT IS SGT. DILS OF THE US ARMY COMBAT ENGINEERS.

WE AND OUR FELLOW ALLIED SOLDIERS HAVE BEEN PRISONERS HERE IN CASTLE NEUSSCHZOLLERN FOR MONTHS NOW. SO, LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING ***VITALLY*** IMPORTANT ON DAY ONE OF YOUR TIME HERE.

IT IS ***EXTREMELY*** GOOD TO MEET YOU ALL.

<LUDIN?>

<...ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS?>

<IT SLEEPS.>

<THE AMERICANS ARE IN THE ARDENNES. HOURS FROM THE BORDER. THE ALLIES ARE ABOUT TO TAKE RAVENNA, NORTHERN ITALY.>

<THE RUSSIANS HAVE REACHED BUDAPEST.>

<YOUR FAMILY, BECKER? THEY ARE STILL IN MUNICH?>

<YES.>

<YOUR WIFE AND CHILD, LANGE? REGENSBURG, YES?>

<...YES.>

<WHAT CHOICE DO WE HAVE?>

<THE INTERNAL DOORS SYSTEM? WE ARE CONFIDENT IT WORKS?>

<YES, HERR KOMMANDANT.>

<THE DISHES BEHIND THE RELIGIOUS SYMBOLS? THE ELECTRICITY?>

<THE SCIENTIST SAYS HIS FIELD WILL BE TURNED ON, YES.>

<BEGIN YOUR CEREMONY, PRIEST.>

<THE PRISONERS.>

<WHAT DO WE TELL THEM WHEN IT STARTS HAPPENING?>

"<I DON'T CARE.>"

NOT EXACTLY THE RITZ, THIS, IS IT?

I SHALL REQUEST *THE TIMES* WITH BREAKFAST. INFORM THE CONCIERGE IMMEDIATELY!

HEY, POWELL! YOUR BED'S BIGGER THAN MINE. SWAP, YA LITTLE WEASEL!

THEY'RE ALL THE SAME SIZE, HARRAH! WHAT DO YA...

NOCONA.

YES, COOK.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN GOD?

I BELIEVE IN RIGHT AND WRONG.

I'M A CHAPLAIN. I ONLY ASK BECAUSE...WELL...HE USED TO SPEAK TO ME BUT...I THINK...

...I THINK HE'S GONE...

GUYS! LISTEN UP!

EARLIER PLEASANTRIES ASIDE, IT'S TIME WE GOT DOWN TO BUSINESS.

GENTLEMEN, AS WE ARE ALL ***WELL*** AWARE, WE ARE ***NOTHING*** WITHOUT DUTY.

IF YOU'VE BEEN SENT HERE, IT'S BECAUSE YOU'VE ALREADY TRIED ESCAPING FROM A CAMP. THE HUNS LIKE TO BELIEVE THAT NEUSSCHZOLLERN IS ***ESCAPE PROOF.***

THEY'RE WRONG. AND WE'RE GONNA PROVE IT.

I'VE TUNNELED OUTTA THREE CAMPS THUS FAR, FELLAS. LAST TIME I GOT AS FAR AS A TOWN ON THE SWISS BORDER.

THIS TIME, I'M GOING TO MAKE IT. WE ***ALL*** ARE. I PROMISE YOU.

YEAH? YOU GOT WINGS, SERGEANT DILS? 'COS IN CASE YOU AIN'T NOTICED, THIS PLACE IS ON TOP OF A FUCKING MOUNTAIN!

NOT A CAMP BUILT I CAN'T GET US OUT OF.

SERGEANT DILS IS OUR ACE-IN-THE-HOLE HERE, GENTLEMEN. HE WAS A CIVIL ENGINEER PRIOR TO THE WAR. TUNNELS ARE HIS EXPERTISE.

HELLO.

UH...HI.

YOU'RE COMANCHE, AREN'T YOU? I ASKED ABOUT YOU...I SAW YOU. WHEN YOU CAME IN.

MY NAME'S MCCALLUM...IAN. YOU CAN CALL ME IAN.

...NOCONA.

I...

...I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND ME STARING. IT'S JUST...

I'VE NEVER SEEN SOMEONE LIKE YOU BEFORE.

...

LOST FOR WORDS, EH?

HUH?

SORRY, OLD SON, BUT YOU'RE THE UNLUCKY SOD WHO JUST HAPPENS TO HAVE BUNKED DOWN ON TOP OF SOMETHING RATHER IMPORTANT.

WE'VE BEEN TUNNELING AWAY HERE FOR SOME TIME BEFORE YOU ARRIVED!

YOU CHAPS HAVE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME TO JOIN THE PARTY.

DON'T SHOW HIM! HE'S A *SPY!*

HEY!

HE SPEAKS TO THE GERMANS! I'VE SEEN HIM! THEY TALK IN KRAUT!

HE'S GONNA TURN US ALL IN AND WE'LL GET THE FIRING SQUAD!

FUCKING *TRAITOR!*

STOP THAT! STOP THAT! THAT'S AN ORDER!

GO ON! RUN TO YER GUARD PALS!

DAMMIT, MAN! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

TALKING TO HIM IN A LANGUAGE HE'LL UNDERSTAND. SIR.

HAHAHAH!

HELLO?

IS SOMEONE THERE?

HLADOVÝ.

...WHO'S THERE?

YOU OKAY?

SERGEANT DILS...YES. JUST NEEDED SOME AIR.

IT CAN GET A LITTLE INTENSE IN THOSE HUTS. LOTS OF FRUSTRATED PEOPLE BEEN LOCKED AWAY FOR A LONG TIME.

CLAUSTROPHOBIA. I SPEND HALF MY LIFE IN TUNNELS BUT I DON'T CARE FOR IT.

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU SPOKE CZECH, SERGEANT DILS.

CZECH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

HLADOVÝ...

471
HLADOVÝ...

NEUSSCHZOLLERN CASTLE, BAVARIA.
PRISONER OF WAR CAMP, 1944.

->HUFF.<-
->HUFF.<-
->HUFF.<-

-HUFF.-

-HUFF.-

-HUFF.-

FLICK!

FZZZZZZZZZZ

BEWEG DICH NICHT!

BEWEG DICH NICHT!

Feuerzeit

BEWEG DICH VERDAMMT NOCH MAL NICHT!

BEWEG DICH NICHT!

HÄNDE IN DIE LUFT!

ICH HABE MEINE HÄNDE...

KRAK!

WHAT'S GOING ON?

LOOKS LIKE THE NAZI BASTARDS GOT SOMEONE!

SOMEBODY TRY TO ESCAPE?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

GET BACK IN YOUR HUTS!

NOW!

FLICK!

I THINK THAT WAS NOCONA, SIR. THE CODE-TALKER...

HE SAW THE TUNNEL. IF THEY TORTURE HIM...

WHO ELSE IS MISSING? FIND SERGEANT DILS. I WANT A FULL ROLL CALL, FLIGHT LIEUTENANT MCCALLUM. THEY CAN'T JUST DRAG OFF OUR MEN.

...IT ISN'T *RIGHT.*

<IS IT BACK IN ITS TOMB?>*

*NB--TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

<IT IS.>

<IT WORKED? YOUR CEREMONY? THE MARKINGS?>

<THE CROSSES? THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC DISHES?>

<IT *OBEYED*, KOMMANDANT LUDIN.>

<IT FOLLOWED ORDERS.>

<SO... WE CAN USE IT SOON, LUDIN?>

<THE ALLIES ARE NEARLY HERE.>

<BUT AT WHAT COST?>

<IT IS NOT YET STRONG ENOUGH, LANGE. IT IS ONLY RECENTLY AWOKEN. IT MUST *FEED*.>

<BUT YES. THIS CREATURE WAS ONCE A *KING*. IT WILL BE SO AGAIN.>

<SO, IT RIPS THE ALLIED AND RUSSIAN ARMIES TO PIECES? PULLS HER BOMBERS DOWN FROM THE SKY AND SMASHES THEM LIKE TOYS?>

<WE WOULD SERVE SUCH A MONSTER. NOT VICE VERSA.>

<I COMMAND IT, LANGE. *WE* COMMAND IT.>

<LISTEN AS I ORDER IT TO ANSWER ME, SPEAKING WORDS CARVED INTO THE LIVING SKIN OF ITS ENEMIES, CENTURIES-PAST...>

CǪWĘR NYNÍ A PǪSĻǪUCHĘJTĘ TĘNTǪ HĻAS. JĘ TǪ HĻAS ẎAŠĘHǪ PÁNA. SĻÝŠÍŠ MĚ?

..DĚLÁM...

<WHAT DID IT SAY?>

<AN ANCIENT TONGUE, LONG FORGOTTEN, BECKER. I, HOWEVER, CAN TRANSLATE...>

<ENOUGH.>

<BRING UP THE PRISONER.>

<WE FEED IT.>

I AM THE WAY, HE SAID...THE *TRUTH*, AND THE LIFE...

STOP STARING!

THAT'S JUST COOK. HE'S CRAZY. HE ALWAYS STARES.

KEEP MOVING! KEEP MOVING!

GO ON! CRAZY! SHOO!

...NO.

...THE BLOOD OF CHRIST...

NOT *HIS* BLOOD.

-SUUUUUCK-

-SUUUUUUCK-

THAT'S ENOUGH, TOMPKINS.

DIG.

THIS IS CRAZY! CAN'T BREATHE. CAN'T SEE.

WHERE'S DILS? DILS WAS SAYING HE HAD SUPPORT STRUCTURES DESIGNED.

SSHLIK! SSHLIK! SSHLIK!

AND HOW CAN WE BE SURE TO MEET THE SEWER LINE FOR OUR ROUTE OUT? DILS SAID HE HAD THE ROUTE.

DILS... IS GONE. SOLITARY, WE THINK...THE NAZIS TOOK HIM...

IF HE CRACKS, TELLS THEM ABOUT THE TUNNEL...

THLKK!

DILS WON'T...

RLLLL-KK-KK

...QUIET...

...IT'S MOVING... IT'S...

RUNNER

TOMPKINS?

TOMPKINS!

-=COUGH=-

-=COUGH=-

SIR...YOU OK...?

BURIED ALIVE.

GET HIM OUT!

GET HIM OUT!

BRONSON.

ON YOUR FEET.

...

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT MCCALLUM.

LOOKIN' LIKE YOU COULD USE A WASH, THERE.

TOMPKINS AND I JUST NEARLY DIED. THE TUNNEL COLLAPSED ON US.

YOU BROKE OUT OF STALAG LUFT III. SUCCESSFULLY, I'M TOLD.

YOU TUNNELED OUT.

WE NEED MEN WITH TUNNELING EXPERTISE. SO, YOU WILL FOLLOW ME AND JOIN HARRAH, POWELL AND...

...SUCCESSFULLY...?

YOU WERE CAUGHT. YES. NEVERTHELESS. SERGEANT DILS IS MISSING. HE WAS OUR TUNNEL LEADER. THE HUN HAVE HIM PRISONER.

SO YOU, SIR, WILL DO YOUR *DUTY* AND...

WE WEREN'T SUCCESSFUL, FLIGHT LIEUTENANT.

TRUST ME.

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT, I FLEW OVER GERMANY 21 TIMES. FLAK, FIGHTERS. A *LOT* OF PEOPLE TRYING TO KILL ME.

JUMPED OUTTA A BURNING B-17 WHEN ALL BUT ONE OF MY CREW DIDN'T...THEY WERE GOOD GUYS.

MY REWARD WAS THREE MONTHS *UNDER* A JERRY CAMP, BOILING IN SWEAT EVERY NIGHT. CLAWING AT MY OWN GRAVE...

ALL SO WE COULD BE FREE, STARVING AND RUNNING FROM HOUNDS, FOR FIVE DAYS TOTAL.

YOU EVER SEEN HOUNDS KILL A MAN, FLIGHT LIEUTENANT?

FIGURE I'VE DONE MY DUTY, SIR. YOU WANT TO TAKE ISSUE WITH THAT? WELL, I BELIEVE I WILL BE ABLE TO LIVE WITH YOUR DISAPPOINTMENT.

WAR'S ENDING SOON...OUR ARMY'S GONNA BE HERE IN A FEW MONTHS.

I'M GONNA WAIT FOR THEM HERE.

<WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE PRISONER, HERR KOMMANDANT?>

<YES, SIR.>

<THROW HIM IN THE PIT.>

<I GIVE THE ORDERS HERE, PRIEST.>

...

<MY APOLOGIES, HERR KOMMANDANT.>

<WAIT...! WAIT...!>

<DON'T! PLEASE! WAIT!>

OSVOBO' MĚ...

<WHAT DID IT...>

FREE ME.

IT SAID... "FREE ME."

YOU *UNDERSTAND* IT?

YES.

HOW? IT SPEAKS AN ANCIENT LANGUAGE THAT ONLY THE BOOK CAN...

IT SPOKE CZECH. HEAVILY ACCENTED. MAYBE AN OLDER VERSION OF...

CZECH?

<ENOUGH OF THIS! GUARDS! THROW THE PRISONER INTO THE...>

<SILENCE.>

CZECH? IT SPEAKS CZECH. YOU'RE CERTAIN?

YES.

<YOU SPOKE GERMAN WHEN YOU ENTERED THE ROOM. YOU ARE ADEPT AT LANGUAGES?>

<YES. I AM.>

<WHAT IS YOUR NAME?>

<NOCONA.>

<HERR KOMMANDANT, IF YOU'LL LET ME EXPLAIN. THE AMERICAN HAS MISUNDERSTOOD...>

<IT IS NOT YET STRONG ENOUGH.>

<IT MUST *FEED*.>

<NO!>

NOOOOO!

<YOU WORK FOR ME NOW, NOCONA.>

KOMMANDANT LUDIN.

THANK YOU FOR SEEING ME.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL HANCOCK.

THANK YOU FOR COMING.

PLEASE, SIT, JOIN ME.

I APOLOGIZE FOR NOT SEEING YOU EARLIER. TAKING OVER THE CAMP. IT HAS BEEN...EXTREMELY CHALLENGING.

I'M SURE.

I HAD A VERY AGREEABLE RELATIONSHIP WITH YOUR PREDECESSOR, KOMMANDANT SAMMER. A GOOD MAN.

SO I HAVE BEEN TOLD.

TO MEN OF BREEDING!

IT IS A PLEASURE TO ENJOY THE COMPANY OF AN EDUCATED MAN SUCH AS YOURSELF AT THIS TIME.

TO MEN OF DUTY.

OSVOBOD' MĚ OD POVINNOSTI.

EXTRAORDINARY BUILDING. REMINDS ME OF MY SCHOOL BACK IN WINCHESTER. THE CHOIR...

I VISITED ENGLAND JUST BEFORE THE WAR BEGAN. LONDON. YORK CATHEDRAL. I WILL RETURN.

ONE DAY SOON.

...

KOMMANDANT LUDIN, THE REASON FOR MY ASKING TO SEE YOU: AS EXPERIENCED OFFICERS, I'M SURE WE BOTH AGREE THAT MORALE IS VITAL IN RETAINING ORDER.

IT HAS BEEN AN UNSETTLING TIME FOR MY MEN. YOUR NEW GUARDS. THE INFLUX OF NEW PRISONERS.

OF COURSE.

I UNDERSTAND HOW DIFFICULT THIS MUST ALL BE FOR YOU.

I'M GLAD TO SEE WE ARE OF SIMILAR MIND.

MIGHT I ASK: SEVERAL OF MY MEN HAVE RECENTLY BEEN TAKEN PRISONER--INCLUDING SERGEANT DILS, WHO IS IMMENSELY POPULAR IN THE RANKS. A VITAL COG IN MY COMMAND.

A GESTURE OF ***GENEROSITY*** FROM YOURSELF WOULD GAIN YOU GREAT ADVANTAGE IN TERMS OF FUTURE BEHAVIOR FROM MY MEN, I BELIEVE.

GENEROSITY?

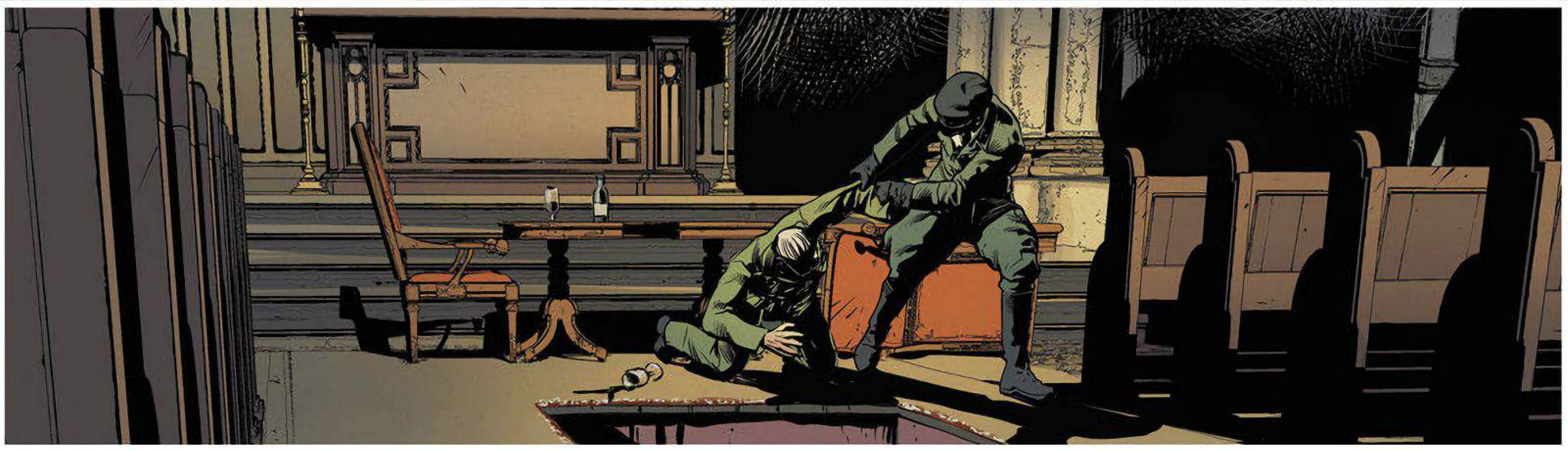
HONOR.

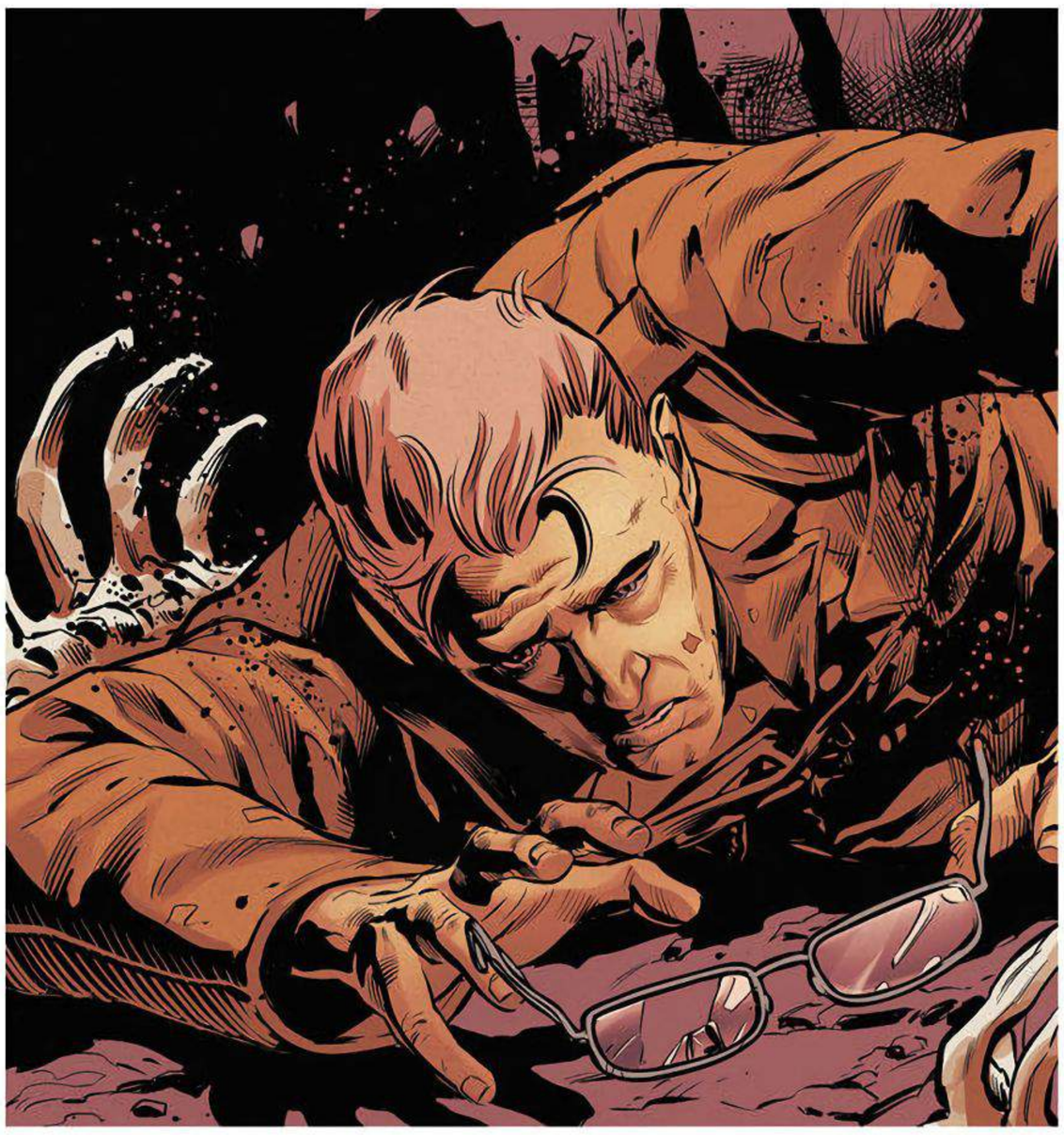
HUMANITY.

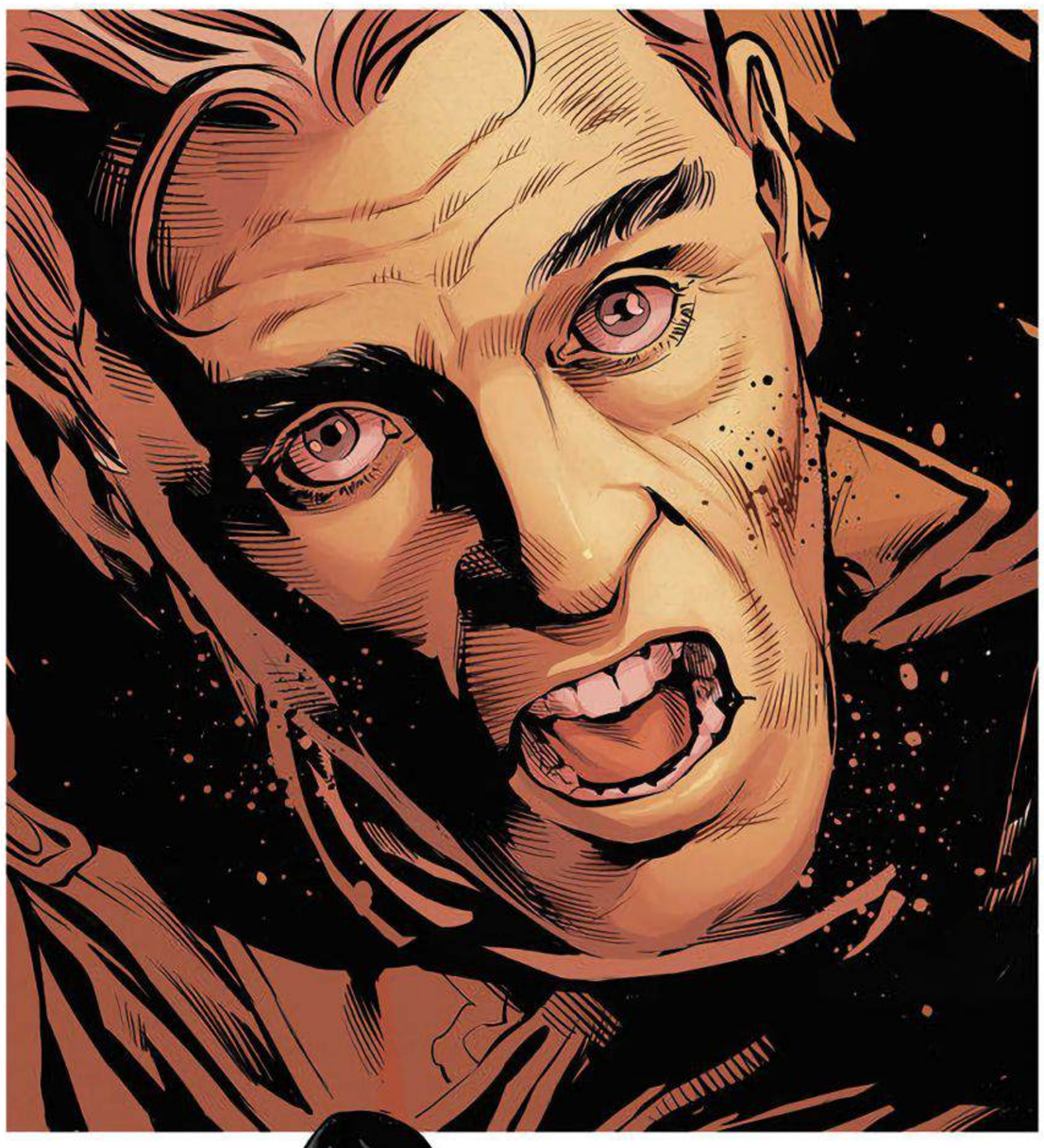
THE GERMAN SOLDIER HAS FOUGHT WITH TENACITY AND GREAT COMMITMENT, SIR.

THERE IS NO SHAME IN DEFEAT.

BLAM







<THERE WILL BE NO DEFEAT.>
<SIR.>

SCHLOSS
NUECHZOLLERN
EINTRETEN
VERBOTEN

<HELLO?>*

*NB--TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

<CAN YOU HEAR ME?>

<OBERKOMMANDO, THIS IS CASTLE NEUSSCHZOLLERN! I SAID, DO YOU HEAR ME?>

...

<HELLO!>

<LUDIN?>

...

<WE'RE CUT OFF, AREN'T WE?>

<IF THE ALLIES HAVE CUT THE LINES TO HIGH COMMAND, THEY ARE DAYS AWAY...72 HOURS AT MOST...>

<...BERLIN WILL BE NEXT...>

<THE CREATURE...IT ***REFUSES*** TO HUNT...IF IT WON'T HUNT IT WILL NOT GAIN THE NECESSARY STRENGTH.>

<WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO TRAIN IT TO OBEY US. DO YOU HEAR ME?>

<LUDIN!>

<IT ***WILL*** OBEY, BECKER. AND ***I*** SHALL TURN THE TIDE OF THIS WAR.>

<WE HAVE 72 HOURS TO PREPARE.>

<THAT WILL BE ENOUGH, I PROMISE YOU.>

"<BRING ME THE COMANCHE.>"
<ON YOUR FEET, AMERICAN.>
<OR DO YOU NEED MORE ENCOURAGEMENT FROM US?>
<THE KOMMANDANT WANTS TO SEE YOU.>

...THE BOOK OF CORINTHIANS...

"IN BEATINGS, IN IMPRISONMENTS, IN TUMULTS, IN LABORS, IN SLEEPLESSNESS, IN HUNGER...

"ARE THEY SERVANTS OF CHRIST? IN FAR MORE LABORS, IN FAR MORE IMPRISONMENTS..." YES...

"BEATEN TIMES WITHOUT NUMBER, IN DANGER OF DEATH..." YES...

"...I SPEAK AS THOUGH...

"...INSANE..."

OH GOD. MY CHRIST. HELP ME, I BEG YOU... ***SPEAK***...I HAVE GIVEN MY LIFE TO SERVE YOU...

WHY WON'T YOU ANSWER ME?

THLAK

AH!

OOOOH YEAH, BRUSHBACK PITCH! CAUGHT THE INSIDE CORNER OF THE *PLATE!*

IF YOU LEARNED ONE THING INNA FIELD, IT'S KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN. RIGHT, PADRE?

HAHAHAHA. THAT'S SOME FASTBALL, HARRAH. YOU KILL ME! YOU'RE TOO MUCH!

YOU OKAY, COOK?

MY EYE. I CAN'T...I CAN'T SEE OUT OF MY...

LEAVE HIM ALONE, HARRAH, YOU SHRINK DICK PIECE'A SHIT!

WHAT YOU JUST SAY TO ME, BRONSON?

GEE, I FORGET, BUT I THINK I MAY HAVE SAID YOU WAS A SHAVED-APE, COUSIN-MARRYING, POULTRY FUCKER.

GET OFF ME, POWELL, I'M GONNA KILL HIM!

HE'S WITH THE NAZIS.

LOOK! NOCONA.

THE CODE-TALKER.

GUESS WE KNOW WHO GAVE 'EM DILS AND HANCOCK, HUH?

I TOLD YOU, BRONSON, BACK ON THE TRUCKS WHEN THEY BROUGHT US IN...

"...HE'S A DIRTY FUCKING TRAITOR."

<NOCONA.>

<THANK YOU FOR JOINING ME.>

<I CAN HEAR IT BREATHING.>

<YES.>

<IT SPEAKS. IT'S INTELLIGENT. IT WANTS FREEDOM AND IT IS VERY STRONG. SO, WHY DOES IT STAY IN THE PIT?>

<MAGIC. YOU SEE THE STRANGE MARKINGS AROUND THE PIT EDGE? BARS AND LOCKS OF ANOTHER WORLD.>

<IT IS TRAPPED HERE. AS YOU ARE.>

<AND THE CROSSES AND THE DISHES ON THE CASTLE WALLS?>

<A MIX OF THE OLD RULES AND THE NEW. ELECTRO-MAGNETIC ENERGY. SO WE CONTROL THE CREATURE WHEN RELEASED TO FEED.>

<PLEASE... COME, SIT. YOU MUST BE VERY...>

<HUNGRY.>*

*NB--TRANSLATED FROM THE ANCIENT CZECH.

<I HAVE HAD MY CHEF PREPARE A HOT MEAL FOR YOU.>

<SIT.>

<THERE'S...>

A GOOD HOST

<...PLENTY LIKE THIS FOR YOU. A THICK COAT. WARMTH.>

<THESE THINGS CAN BE YOURS EVERY DAY.>

<THE CREATURE, YOU SEE...IT CURRENTLY REFUSES TO LEAVE ITS PIT.>

<YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN CONVERSE WITH IT.>

<I'M NOT A COLLABORATOR.>

<NO. BUT YOU ARE NOT THE SAME AS YOUR FELLOW PRISONERS, EITHER.>

<IT WAS CLEAR TO ME THAT YOU ARE *DIFFERENT* THE MOMENT I MET YOU.>

<AND I DON'T JUST MEAN THE COLOR OF YOUR SKIN.>

<MY GUARDS TELL ME THAT YOUR "FELLOW AMERICAN" PRISONERS TREAT YOU APPALLINGLY.>

<YOU, A MAN OF LEARNING, OF... ***SENSITIVITY***... HAVE ALREADY BEEN ATTACKED IN THE CAMP. DO YOU THINK THEY WILL WELCOME YOU BACK NOW?>

<YOU, WHO ENLISTED TO FIGHT OUT OF A LOYALTY THAT IS ***NOT*** RECIPROCATED.>

<WHAT DO YOU OWE ***THEIR*** AMERICA? A GLEAMING CAPITALIST PALACE BUILT ON THE BONES OF GENOCIDE?>

<MANIFEST DESTINY. THEY TOOK YOUR PEOPLE'S LANDS, NOCONA. DROVE YOU FROM YOUR BIRTHRIGHT.>

<AND NOW YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE ARE TREATED LIKE LESS THAN ***SLAVES***.>

<YOU WANT ME TO TALK TO...IT. CONVINCE IT TO, WHAT?>

<FRIGHTEN THE WHITE AMERICANS THAT ARE COMING. MAKE THEM TURN BACK AND LEAVE MY COUNTRY AND ITS CHILDREN IN PEACE.>

<ENOUGH DEATH. THIS WAR IS OVER. ONLY A ***FOOL*** WOULDN'T REALIZE THAT.>

<AND WE ARE NOT THAT, NOCONA.>

<SO I AM OFFERING YOU A DEAL.>

SSHLIK
SSHLIK
SSHLIK

SSHLIK
SSHLIK
SSHLIK

SSHLIK
SSHLIK
SLNKK

YOU'VE STOPPED.

I HIT SOMETHING.

THE PIPE? IS IT THE PIPE?

WELL?

I THINK WE'VE HIT THE SHIT JACKPOT, AS IT WERE.

THE SEWAGE PIPE?

RECKON IT MUST BE. DILS THOUGHT IT WAS THERE.

THEN WE CUT INTO IT AND WE GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE, RIGHT BOYS?

WAIT!

NEED I REMIND YOU THAT, UNTIL LT. COLONEL HANCOCK RETURNS, I AM THE CURRENT OFFICER IN CHARGE HERE, PRIVATE HARRAH.

SORRY, FLIGHT LIEUTENANT MCCALLUM, I THOUGHT YOU WAS PART OF THE ESCAPE COMMITTEE AND SO YOU'D ACTUALLY WANT OUT.

I HAVE SPENT ***HOURS*** DIGGING THAT HOLE! BUT WITHOUT SERGEANT DILS'S EXPERTISE WE DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT SUPPORT STRUCTURES.

WE GO DOWN IN THAT TUNNEL AND IT COLLAPSES, ***ALL*** OF US COULD DIE. NOT TO MENTION THE CLIFF CLIMB IF WE CAN EVEN GET THROUGH THE SEWER.

THEY'RE KILLING US OFF ONE BY ONE, FLIGHT LIEUTENANT. I MEAN, DILS HAS VANISHED, HANCOCK NEVER CAME BACK FROM THE CASTLE.

WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE US?

AND THAT REDSKIN--YOU SHOWED HIM WHERE OUR TUNNEL WAS. HE'S UP THERE RIGHT NOW SPILLING HIS GUTS TO THE NAZIS IN THEIR LANGUAGE.

ONLY A MATTER OF TIME 'TIL THEY FIND IT AND LINE US UP AGAINST THE WALL. SO WE GO, RIGHT FELLAS?

ONLY A ***TRAITOR*** WOULD DISAGREE.

THERE WILL BE NO COUP HERE, PRIVATE.

THERE'S STILL A CHAIN OF COMMAND TO RESPECT! AND UNTIL LT. COLONEL HANCOCK RETURNS I...

SLAP

SORRY.

DIDN'T CATCH WHAT YOU SAID.

SIR.

IDIOTS.

BLOODY IDIOTS.

...

THEY'RE ALL GOING TO DIE...

AH!

...

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT MCCALLUM.

NOCONA?

THEY LET YOU GO?

I...YES...

WHAT ABOUT DILS AND HANCOCK? DID YOU SEE THEM?

THEY'RE DEAD.

WHAT...? HOW?

I...I SAW IT...I...

COME WITH ME, FOR GOD'S SAKE.

THEY'LL SLIT YOUR THROAT IF YOU GO IN THERE.

<THE REDSKIN SPOKE TO THE CREATURE?>

<YES, THEY CONVERSED, FOR A PERIOD.>

<...WHAT DID IT SAY?>

<IT SAID IT WAS A KING.>

<ONCE.>

<KOMMANDANT LUDIN, FORGIVE ME, BUT...I DON'T UNDERSTAND.>

<WHY WOULD YOU LET THE COMANCHE GO BACK TO THE PRISONERS IF THE CREATURE *WILL* ACTUALLY SPEAK WITH HIM?>

<TO PROVIDE SOME INCENTIVE.>

A SEARCHLIGHT. GET DOWN, MAN.

THEY SHOT HANCOCK? AND DILS?

I...NO... NO THEY... NO.

MY GOD, YOU'RE SHAKING.

COME HERE. YOU'RE FREEZING.

THA... THANK YOU...

NOCONA. LISTEN TO ME NOW. THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT. DID YOU TELL THEM ABOUT THE TUNNEL?

NO.

I WOULDN'T DO THAT.

OF COURSE NOT...

YOUR EYE. THEY BEAT YOU? THEY QUESTIONED YOU? BUT YOU DIDN'T TALK, DID YOU?

"I DIDN'T TALK."

<HELLO.>*

<I BELIEVE YOU UNDERSTAND ME?>

*NB--TRANSLATED FROM THE CZECH.

<I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT *THEY* CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT WE ARE CURRENTLY SAYING.>

<I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I AM NOT ONE OF THEM. I AM A PRISONER OF THEIRS, LIKE YOU.>

<AND I UNDERSTAND WHY YOU REFUSE TO HUNT FOR THEM.>

<WHAT DO YOU WANT?>

<...PRISONER WHO IS JUST LIKE ME?>

<YOU ARE HUMAN.>

<NO.>

<ONCE. LONG AGO.>

<I...>

<I WANT TO HELP YOU. I...WANT TO MAKE A *DEAL* WITH YOU.>

<WHAT DO YOU WANT?>

...

<THEN COME DOWN HERE AND SPEAK TO ME.>

<WHAT?>

<HOW AM I TO TRUST YOU AND YOUR DEAL...FRIEND...>

<IF YOU WILL NOT TRUST ME?>

<WELL NOW...>

<YOU ARE BRAVE.>

NOCONA?

ARE YOU...

OH MY DEAR CHAP...

IT'S OK.

IT'S ALRIGHT.

I KNOW IT'S HARD FOR YOU.

I KNOW SOMETHING OF IT, YOU SEE...

I KNOW WHAT'S IT'S LIKE TO BE...

...AN OUTSIDER.

WELL NOW...

TWO TRAITORS TOGETHER.

GETTING *REAL* COZY...

GRAB HIM.

NO!

LEAVE HIM ALONE, HARRAH!

GET THE FAIRY FLIGHT LIEUTENANT OUTTA HERE.

BASTARD!

KRAK

KUNKK

NO!

GUT HIM, HARRAH!

ANY LAST WORDS, HIAWATHA?

<TAKE THIS ONE.>*

*NB--TRANSLATED FROM CZECH.

<VERY WELL.>

STOP TALKING...

...KRAUT.

AARRGH!

AARRGH!

712
TIM BRADSTREET 2021

NEUSSCHZOLLERN CASTLE, BAVARIA.
PRISONER OF WAR CAMP, 1944.

NO!

PLEASE!

HU...

HELP ME!

AH!

<DON'T.>*

<I SAID TAKE ONE.>

*NB--TRANSLATED FROM THE CZECH.

<YOU DO NOT CONTROL ME.>

MLI...

MLIH...

MOM...

...SAVE ME...

AH...

...AH!

GET OFF THE WALL!

NOW! GET OFF THE WALL OR WE SHOOT!

GET OFF THE FUCKING WALL!

LET ME OUT!

KAKKA KAKKA KAKKA

rrrrRRRRRR!

JESUS! WHAT THE HELL'S GOI...?

BRONSON!

AH! FUCK!

SCHLIP!

BACK, DEVIL.

CHRIST STANDS WITH ME HERE.

rrrr...

AND HIS POWER CASTS YOU *DOWN.*

...COOK?

FLICK!

FZZZZZZZZ

AH!

FZZZZZZZZZ

ALLIED PRISONERS! RETURN TO YOUR HUTS IMMEDIATELY!

RETURN TO YOUR HUTS OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES!

IT KILLED THEM ALL...

CHRIST, MY HEAD'S SPLITTING. MY LEGS HAVE... I...I NEED A MOMENT.

MCCALLUM. SIT. TAKE YOUR TIME.

THE DISHES. LUDIN LIT UP THE CROSS DISHES.

THAN... THANK YOU, NOCONA.

THAT HURT IT.

WHAT WAS THAT?

CHRIST ALIVE!

WHAT THE *FUCK* WAS THAT?

IT...IT KILLED POWELL! THE YANK! IT RIPPED HIM TO BLOODY PIECES!

IT DIDN'T. JERRY SHOT HIM, THE BASTARDS!

I'VE NEVER... FUCK...WHAT ***WAS*** THAT?

DID YOU SEE ALL THE BLOOD? THERE WAS A LOT OF BLOOD! AND HARRAH? WHAT HAPPENED TO HARRAH? AND SNEAD! AND HULL!

...THERE WAS A LOT OF BLOOD.

BOLLOCKS TO THIS! LT. COLONEL HANCOCK, SERGEANT DILS. THEY'VE BEEN FUCKING PICKING US OFF ONE BY ONE!

NOW WE KNOW HOW. FEEDING US TO THAT... WHATEVER THE FUCK THAT ANIMAL IS.

WE'VE GOT A TUNNEL. WE'VE GOT A PLAN...I SAY WE GET OUT OF HERE PRONTO, LADS! ***ALL OF US!***

IF EVERYONE GOES, JERRY'S GOING TO KNOW PRETTY DAMN QUICK. AND THEN ***NONE*** OF US SURVIVE.

AND WE'D NEED SOMEONE TO GET US INTO AND THROUGH THAT SEWAGE PIPE.

BRONSON.

WE NEED SOMEONE TO LEAD THE TUNNELERS.

WE NEED YOU.

NO.

...I'M NOT GOING IN NO TUNNEL, FLIGHT LIEUTENANT. NOT EVER AGAIN... I SWORE.

I'M SORRY.

ENOUGH'A THIS. WHATEVER THAT THING WAS, WE AIN'T STAYING HERE TO FEED IT.

WE'LL TAKE OUR CHANCES IN THE TUNNEL AND ON THEM CLIFF FACES! RIGHT, LADS?

THERE IS ***NO WAY*** WE CAN ALL GO WITHOUT THE HUN BEING AWARE...

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT.

I NEED TO TALK TO YOU. NOW.

PLEASE. IT'S IMPORTANT.

NOCONA. THERE'S NO TIME...

I THINK I CAN GET YOU A DISTRACTION. INSIDE THE CASTLE.

WAIT AN HOUR. GIVE ME THAT LONG. THEN GO.

WHAT CAN YOU POSSIBLY DO ALONE? AND HOW WILL YOU GET BACK INTO THE CASTLE?

THEY'LL LET ME IN. LUDIN... NEEDS ME.

WHAT? WHAT FOR? THE MOMENT I GO BACK INTO THAT HUT WITHOUT YOU THE OTHER MEN WILL CRY RAT AND...

I AM ***NOT*** A TRAITOR! I CAME HERE--I ***VOLUNTEERED***-- BECAUSE I WANTED TO ***STOP*** THEM! TO STOP FASCISM!

...IAN. I NEED...

I NEED ***YOU*** TO TRUST ME.

I DO.

ONE HOUR.

HALT!
STOP THERE OR WE SHOOT *TWO* PRISONERS TODAY.
<KOMMANDANT LUDIN! TELL HIM...>
<NOCONA IS READY TO WORK FOR HIM NOW.>*
*NB--TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.
<TAKE THE PRISONER TO SEE LUDIN.>
<SIR.>
<GOD HELP US...>
"<PERHAPS HE CAN CONTROL IT.>"
<I SHIT MYSELF. I THOUGHT THE GENERATOR SURGE WAS GOING TO TRIP THE SYSTEM AT ONE POINT.>
<DID WE PEAK?>
<NO, THE GRID HELD. WE'RE GOOD. IT'S BACK INSIDE.>
<THANK CHRIST FOR THAT.>
LOCAL

<THIS AND WHATEVER THEY'RE DOING IN THAT CHURCH IS KEEPING THAT...THING UNDER CONTROL.>

<KEEP WALKING.>

<DO YOU SEE NOW, NOCONA? HOW MUCH THEY HATE YOU?>

<BUT HERE.>

<WE VALUE YOU.>

<WE HAVE REACHED THE MOMENT. THERE IS NO MORE TIME. I NEED YOUR ANSWER.>

<WILL YOU HELP ME END ALL THIS KILLING? THIS SUFFERING...>

<YES, KOMMANDANT.>

<I'LL GIVE IT YOUR OFFER.>

<THEY BURN ME WITH THEIR LIGHTS AND POWER. THEY ENTOMB ME IN THIS PIT WITH INVISIBLE WALLS.>*

<AND NOW HE COMES WITH THE POWER TO COMMUNICATE WITH ME.>

*NB--TRANSLATED FROM THE CZECH.

<POWER? I'M GOOD WITH LANGUAGES. THAT'S ALL. I ALWAYS WAS.>

<I READ. WE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH GROWING UP. I... WAS ON MY OWN A LOT. SO, I READ.>

<I THOUGHT, HUMAN BEINGS WERE THOSE BOOKS. ALL THAT BEAUTY AND KNOWLEDGE.>

<BUT THEN I CAME TO THIS WAR. AND EVERYTHING I'VE SEEN...>

<WAR IS THE BREAKDOWN OF COMMUNICATION.>

<IT'S THE OPPOSITE OF KNOWLEDGE.>

<HMM.>

<I HAVE LIVED A VERY LONG TIME. EVENTUALLY, YOU SEE HUMANS FOR WHAT THEY ARE.>

<INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM ONE ANOTHER. MILLIONS UPON MILLIONS UPON MILLIONS UPON MILLIONS.>

<ALL DIE. WHETHER AT MY HAND OR AT EACH OTHER'S. AND SO...>

<NOTHING THEY DO REALLY MATTERS.>

<KOMMANDANT LUDIN WANTS YOU TO FOLLOW HIS ORDERS. TO FIGHT THEIR WAR AND TO DESTROY THE ALLIED ARMY.>

<AND IN RETURN THERE WILL BE A WORLD FOR YOU TO RULE. A SEAT FOR YOU AT *THEIR* FÜHRER'S TABLE.>

<A SEAT AT THEIR TABLE?>

<THEIR SERVANT?>

<I WHO WAS ONCE...>

<...A GREAT KING.>

<YES.>

<I KNOW EVIL. I DRANK THE BLOOD OF SATAN HIMSELF...>

<BUT THESE PEOPLE? I HAVE SEEN THEIR WORK.>

<THEY HAD ENDLESS CHOICES IN FRONT OF THEM. TO **CREATE**, TO MAKE LOVE, TO EXPLORE THE UNIVERSE. BUT INSTEAD, THEY DID **THIS**.>

<THEY JUSTIFY. THEY LIE.>

<THEY LIE BECAUSE THEY ARE AFRAID.>

<JUST AS YOU DO, NOCONA.>

<SO, TELL ME HOW YOU WILL FREE ME FROM THIS CASTLE PRISON AND I WILL KILL THEM **ALL** FOR YOU.>

<THAT IS WHAT YOU REALLY CAME DOWN HERE FOR, AFTER ALL.>

THANK YOU.

I ASKED FOR YOU TO SPEAK DIRECTLY TO ME. I...I **BEGGED.**

AND YOU **ANSWERED** ME, LORD. STRONG AND CLEAR.

YOU PUT ME **HERE** FOR A REASON.

I SEE THAT NOW.

"THE DEVIL IS HERE.

"AND HE MUST BE STOPPED."

...AW, COOK.

WHERE YOU GOING?

<WELL?>

<WILL IT SIDE WITH US?>

<YES.>

<THERE WILL BE BLOOD.>

<OOF. CAREFUL THERE.>

<IT'S OK.>

<FEAR CAN AFFECT EVEN THE BRAVEST MAN.>

<SORRY. I'M SORRY...>

<THE WAY YOU WENT INTO THAT PIT, NOCONA.>

<THE COURAGE!>

<YOU HAVE MORE THAN EARNED YOUR REWARD.>

<WHEN THIS IS OVER, I WILL SEE TO IT THAT YOU HAVE A GREAT HOUSE IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE. THE BLUE SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.>

<YOU CAN RAISE A FAMILY THERE. BE HAPPY.>

<WE WILL BE AT PEACE.>

<COME, YOU MUST BE EXHAUSTED.>

<I'LL HAVE A GOOD MEAL SENT TO YOUR ROOM.>

HOUR'S UP.

...NOTHING.

SIR?

WHAT'S THE ORDER?

NOCONA'S GRASSED US UP, YOU...

DAMMIT CHARLTON, IF NOCONA WAS A SPY THEY'D HAVE COME FOR US BY NOW! I TOLD YOU!

GET WORD TO THE OTHER HUTS.

WE GO, GENTLEMEN.

ALL OF US.

"<LOOK, MY FRIENDS.>"

<THE KING OF THE JEWS.>

<WHO LOOKS DOWN UPON US AND *JUDGES*.>

<WE WILL BE THE JUDGES NOW.>

<THE KOMMANDANT LIKES YOU FOR HIS LITTLE PET, EH REDSKIN? LUCKY... LUCKY FOR YOU.>

<HE MUST FIND YOU PRETTY, EH?>

<MAYBE I COME TO YOUR PRIVATE ROOM AND MAKE YOU NOT SO PRETTY AGAIN? LIKE LAST TIME WE TALKED.>

<VERY LUCKY FOR YOU...>

AAAGH!!

SHLK

AAAHHH

<TUCHEL!>

<TUCHEL! GET OUT...!>

NNNNN... AAAA...

<GET OUT OF THE FUCKING WAY!>

AH!

BRAKKA! BRAKK! BRAKKA!

AH...

AH...

...

I'M COMING.

<THAT NOISE WAS INSIDE THE CASTLE...>

<LUDIN. THE PRISONERS...>

<NEUSSCHZOLLERN HOUSES AN ENTIRE GARRISON, BECKER.>

<WE ARE VERY WELL PROTECTED, I ASSURE YOU.>

50-60Hz
SCHWELLE

NEUSSCHZOLLERN CASTLE, BAVARIA.
PRISONER OF WAR CAMP, 1944.

I CAME HERE BECAUSE I WANTED TO DO THE *RIGHT* THING.

I ALWAYS TRIED TO BE A *GOOD* MAN.

KRACK

I NEVER HURT ANYONE.

NEIN!

NICHT! BITTE!

BAKAIBAKAIBAKAIB

AH...

AH...

COME ON.

COME ON.

AAAA!!EE!

KRAK! KRAK! KRAK!

<NO! NO! N...>*

IT'S STARTED.

*NB--TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

<PLEASE! PLEASE!>

KRAK!

NOT YET.

SLURP

LUDIN.

SLURP

<HELP ME.>

SLURP

<PLEASE.>

<HERR KOMMANDANT? THE NOISES. WHAT IS...>

<SIR?>

THUMP!

<WHAT'S...?>

AAAAAHHHH!

NOCONA!

BRAKKABRAKKA

BRAKKA!

..AHHHHHHH.

BRAKKA-BRAKKA BRAKKA!

AHHHHHHHH!

NOCONA...

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT MCCALLUM!

YOU'RE THE LAST.

TIME TO GO, SIR.

YES.

"TIME TO GO."

SKRATCH

BIT... FUCKING... TIGHT...

GOOD JOB WE'VE BEEN STARVING, INNIT?

CHRIST, WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

SHIT, MATE.

BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT WE'RE *RIGHT* IN.

DILS HAD SOME SORT OF PLAN, RIGHT?

DILS AIN'T FUCKING HERE!

PASS IT DOWN, BOYS.

BRONSON?

YOU WAS EXPECTING BETTY GRABLE?

THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T "GETTING IN NO TUNNEL."

FIGURED YOU BOYS COULD USE A LITTLE EXPERTISE.

YOU TIED THE BEDSHEETS TOGETHER TO MAKE A ROPE?

HAVE YOU SEEN THE DROP? THOSE KNOTS BETTER BE ***DAMN*** TIGHT.

YOU GOT A BETTER PLAN?

*"BECAUSE YOU **REALLY** DON'T WANNA BE BACK IN THAT CASTLE RIGHT NOW."*

LORD... GIVE ME THE COURAGE.

AAAAH...NEIN! AHHHHHHH!!

"I BEG THEE."

GLUG-GLUG

PFFFFFT!
PFFFFFT!

PFFFFFT!
PFFFFFT!

<THAT'S IT! YES! THAT'S...?>

RRRWWWW!

AHHHHHH!

<NO!>

<NO!>

<NOCONA! HELP ME!>

EAST

WEST

<I KNOW THAT YOU DID THIS!>

KRAK! KRAK!

<NOCONA...>

KRAK!

<HELP ME!>

<SOMEBO--> AHHHHH!

RRUUUMMMMNBB

=PFFFT= <...WHAT...?>

<AH LOOK...> <YOU HAVE FOUND A TUNNEL.>

*NB--TRANSLATED FROM THE CZECH.

<SO THEN, LITTLE UNIFORMED KING...> <YOU WOULD BE EVIL?>

AH...

<EVIL IS NOT SOMETHING THAT HUMANS CAN EVER TRULY UNDERSTAND.> <BUT LOOK HOW HARD YOU TRY.>

<I COULD GIVE YOU THAT WHICH YOU DESIRE, YOU KNOW.>

<EVERYTHING YOU HAVE EVER WANTED.>

<I WONDER...>

<WOULD YOU TURN YOUR BACK ON ALL THAT MAKES YOU HUMAN IF I OFFERED YOU THE UNDYING LIFE OF BLOOD?>

<I CAN'T UNDERSTAND... WHAT YOU'RE SAYING.>

<SHALL I MAKE YOU A TRUE KING?>

<NO.>

HCCCKK...

<I CHOOSE NOT TO.>

<NOW...>

<WHAT IS THIS NEW WORLD I...>

FZZZZZZ

FZZZZZZ

NAHHHH!

FZZZZZZ

NOW!

FUZZZZZ!!

DIE...

DIE!

KRAAASSSHH!

<COUGH>

<NOCONA, YOU WHO LEARNT LANGUAGES.>

<LET ME TEACH YOU A NEW ONE.>

NO.

FOR CHRIST *MY REDEEMER!*

AAAIIEEE!

FHUKKKK!

712

AAAHHHH!

YES! I...I CAN HEAR YOU LORD!

YOUR VOICE! IT SINGS TO ME!

I SEE YOU CHRIST! YOU ARE TRUE! I HEAR YOUR VOICE AND...

SSHHLLULLK!

<OUT! GET IT OUT! GET IT...>

FFFFSSSHHHH!

<OUT!>

I'M HERE, NOCONA.

HELP ME.

AAAAHHHH!

FFFFSSHHHH!

CRRRRKKKK...

WE...

MY GOD.

WE HAVE TO GO. CAN YOU WALK?

YES.

IAN.

LISTEN TO ME.

I'M STAYING HERE.

WHAT?

WE CAN GET OUT VIA THE TUNNEL.

THE PERSON I WAS BEFORE I CAME HERE...HE'S GONE. I'M SOMETHING DIFFERENT NOW, AND I WON'T ALLOW IT TO--

I...

I CAN'T EXPLAIN TO YOU HOW I FEEL...

TRY.

I... *CAN'T*...I...

THEN *SHOW* ME.

"SUN'S COMING UP."

THAT'S A HELL OF A DROP IF THOSE BEDSHEET KNOTS DON'T HOLD.

THEY'LL HOLD.

GOT TO BE BRAVE IN THIS LIFE, RIGHT?

WHERE DO YOU RECKON WE GO WHEN WE GET DOWN? MAKE FOR AUSTRIA?

NNNNN...

...STEADY NOW...

I SAY WE...AH...HEAD WEST...MEET OUR GUYS ON...

...MEET OUR GUYS ON THE FRONT LINE...

"THERE'S STILL A LOT LEFT TO FIGHT FOR."

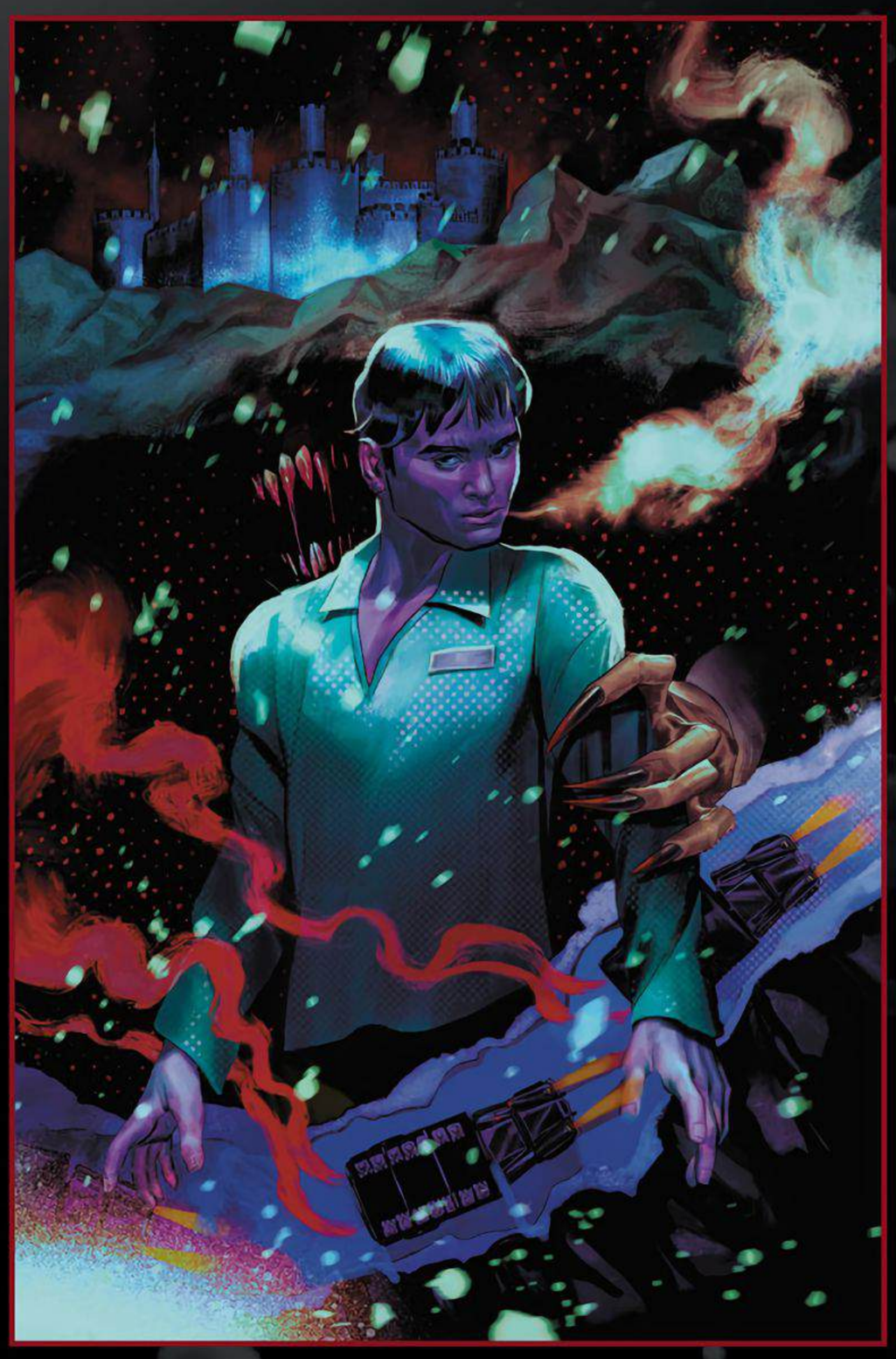
THE END

ISSUE #1 VARIANT COVER DESIGNS

by Chris Bust
For 616 Comics

by Bjorn Barends
For Linebreakers Comics

by John Gallagher
For Sad Lemon Comics



by Keyla Valerio
For Space Cadets Comics

by Mike Deodato Jr.,
Colored by Lee Loughridge

LETTERS FROM THE CREATORS OF

OUT

Rob Williams

Bravery and fear go hand in hand. And I can't think of many braver, more terrifying things than being a young man and invading Hitler's European fortress from 1939-1945, whether it be as soldier, pilot, or sailor. You fight your way across a trauma-wracked continent, see many of your friends die along the way, and then, in whatever form, you lose a battle. But you're one of the lucky ones. You're alive. But a prisoner.

After what you've been through, who can blame you for just sitting back in a camp until the war is over. But…it's your duty to try to escape and return to the front lines. Despite the guards with machine guns and the barbed wire and the vicious dogs…Impossible. But you have to get out, somehow. Hitler has to be stopped. The Nazis have to be stopped. So you plan, you tunnel. You put your life on the line, all over again. It is all bravery and determination on a level we can't even comprehend in our cozy western countries in 2021. A freedom these people bequeathed us with their sacrifice.

Prisoner of War tales have been told, famously. *The Great Escape* being the most obvious. Billy Wilder's masterful *Stalag 17*. David Lean's *Bridge on the River Kwai*. If you're a Brit, there was *Escape From Colditz*—where they housed the prisoners in a gothic castle. These are affecting, dramatic stories. Heroes will go through hell trying to break out. We'll grow fond of many of them. And some will not make it. For every uplifting Steve McQueen trying to jump the fence on his motorbike there is a doomed, slowly going blind Donald Pleasance. Alec Guinness scratching his head as the train approaches the bridge and the mortar shells fall around him: "What have I done?" Sacrifice is writ large in these

stories. Sadness amidst the triumph.

One of your jobs as a writer of fiction is to try to put your characters through hell. Not just put their bodies on the line, put their souls on the line. So, somewhere the thought occurred to me—what could be worse than being locked away in a Prisoner of War camp from which it is impossible to escape?

Having a hungry monster in there with you. An ancient vampire, newly awaked by the Nazis who are desperate at seeing the war slip away from them. Who want to use this horror as a weapon against the Allied Army on the doorstep. But they have to test it first, to make sure they can control it. So they set it on the prisoners. To feed. A physical evil controlled by ambitious, cruel men.

And suddenly you're into the paranoia and claustrophobia of movies like John Carpenter's *The Thing* and *Alien*. Outpost 31 in the Antarctic is effectively a prison for Kurt Russell and co. There is nowhere to run to when the creature hides amongst them. Ditto for The Nostromo in the vacuum of space. And the success of both movies is partly derived from its brilliant cast of character actors. You have to give a shit about the people being picked off one by one. Each one should break your heart a little.

OUT is intended to be such a movie on the page. It has an impossible fantasy cast (in my head). Paul Newman, George Kennedy, Anthony Hopkins, Stanley Baker, Michael J. Pollard, Burt Reynolds (*Deliverance*-era), David McCallum, Tom Wilkinson. See if you can spot who is who. Our brilliant artist, Will Conrad, hasn't used these actors for reference, but their spirit is there, I think.

And at its core is Nocona: a unique protagonist, I think. A Comanche code talker locked away amongst white men. The US sent a group of Comanches to Europe with the D-Day Invasion force, because the German code-breakers couldn't work out the Comanche language. So, what if this one captured man was a savant with languages and could actually speak to the ancient vampire? A gay man who daren't reveal his true nature ("Out" has a double meaning in our story). A sensitive man of learning in a world where language has broken down—where brute strength and bullying force is threatening to overtake the world. Where books are burnt and whole ethnic groups are dragged off to concentration camps just for being different.

And that's why a story like *OUT* still resonates in our "cozy western countries in 2021." Because those worst excesses of humanity that the Nazis showed in World War 2 are still with us, a bit too overtly for comfort in recent years. Fear is still here. You hope and pray that brave people will always overcome it.

- Rob Williams

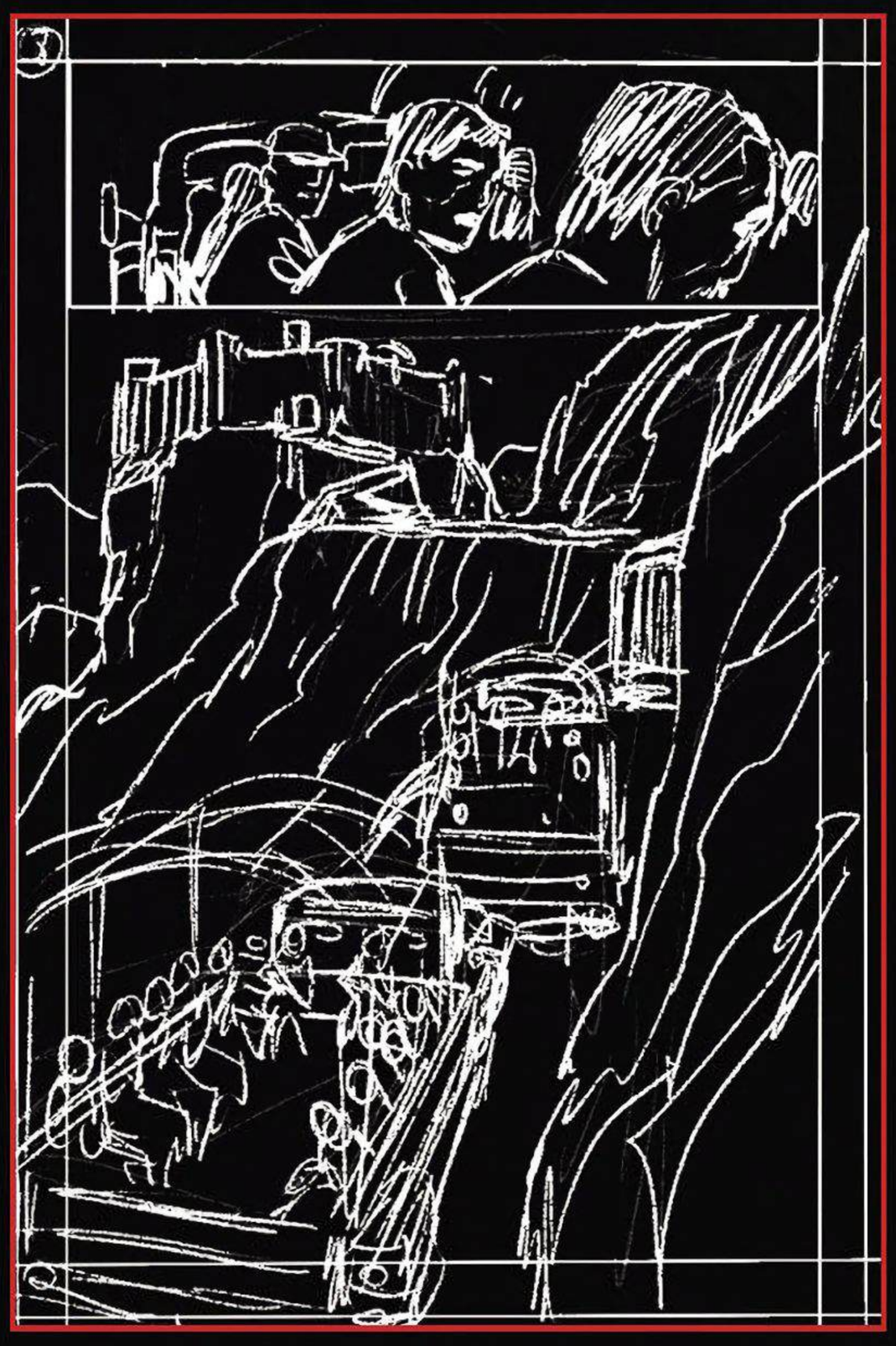
Will Conrad

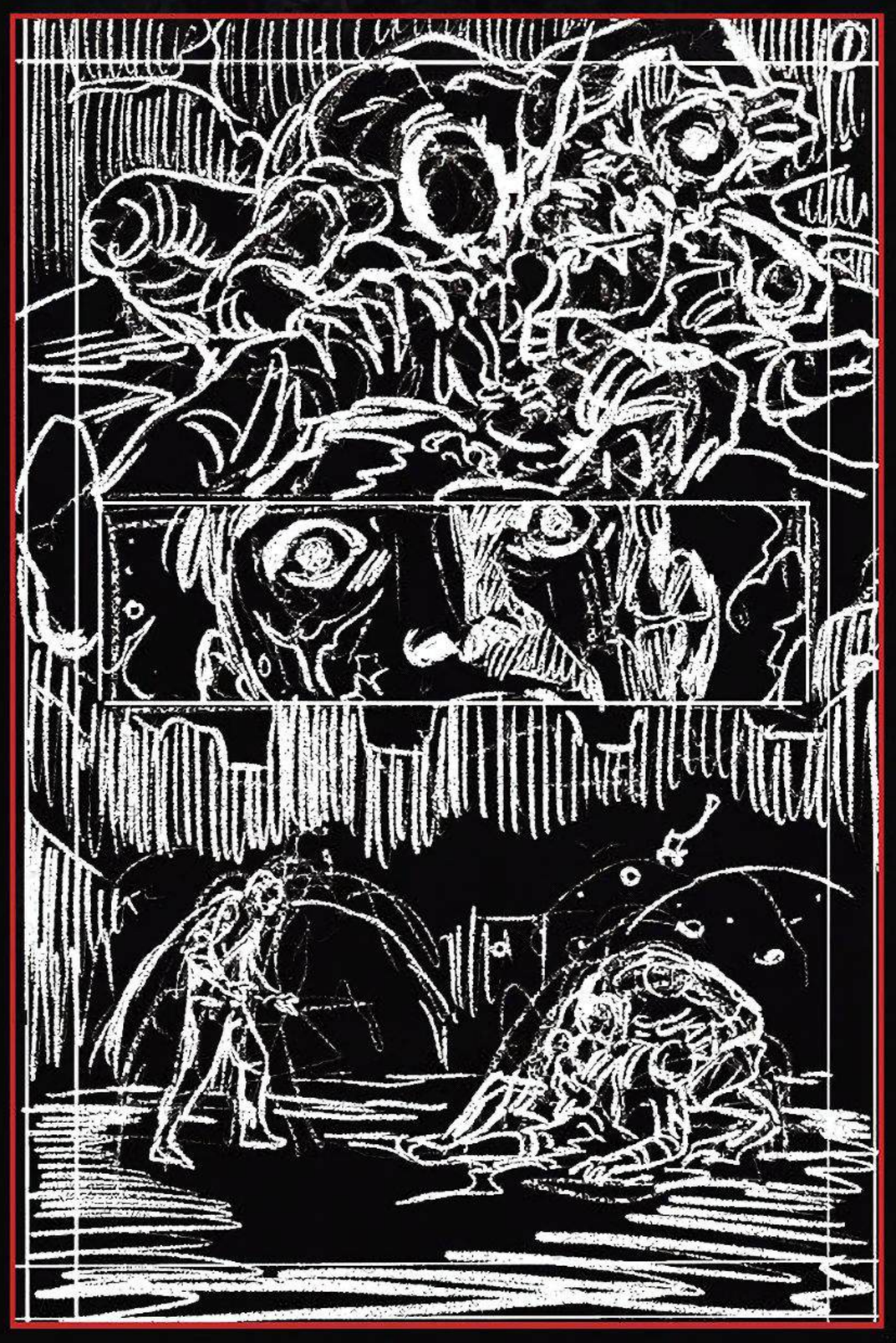
There are topics that intrigue me. One is the Second World War, a massive and destructive event. It's simultaneously tragic and a catalyst for so many changes in the way people and countries conduct themselves. The battlegrounds of WW2 have served as the stage for so many stories—some of them stemming from real life incidents that are so strange or heroic that any writer would have been proud to have created them.

Another topic that intrigues me is vampires. They terrorized me when I was a kid. I didn't have as much information back then and enjoyed a kind of innocence when it came to what is fact and what is fiction. Vampires were one of the monsters that kept me awake at night. That is, when I dared to watch a movie or read a story that contained them.

And then came *OUT*. A graphic novel that combined those two topics, making them darker, denser, and more macabre. At the same time, the story shows us that even in the darkest of pits, there's still that flicker of light. That power of hope. As soon as I heard about the concept and the chance to work with Rob again, I jumped at the opportunity to contribute to this project.

- Will Conrad





DR. VINK

WITH A VA-VA-VA

A DR. VINK POOR MAN'S RIP

~ RIPPIN POORLY SINCE MAY 2022 ~

LIBRARY LOANS THROUGH HOOPLA + OVERDRIVE
COMIXOLOGY / AMAZON PRIME READING + KINDLE

RIPPED WITH CALIBRE DEDRM AND AI UPSCALED WITH WAIFU2X-CAFFE

I CAN'T LOOK AT THE EYE ANY-MORE! HELP! AIEEEEE!
SEVERAL OF JOHNATHAN BARKLEY'S NEIGHBORS CLAIMED THAT AT EXACTLY 7:15 P.M. THEY HEARD A TERRIBLE SCREAM EMENATING FROM BARKLEY'S LIBRARY, BUT, OFCOURSE, THEY HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING WHO HAD SCREAMED OR WHAT HAD CAUSED THE FRIGHTFUL OUTCRY.
HELLO, HOWARD!
JOHNATHAN! NO! NO! AAAAGH!
THE END
...NOW ALL IS PEACEFUL IN SPRINGFIELD... FOR THERE IS NO MORE GOSSIP... THEY HAVE LEARNED THAT THOU SHALT... HEAR NO EVIL... SEE NO EVIL... SPEAK NO EVIL!
The End

...AND I AM NOT A NUT BAG

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